Will I file off, you ſhall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the ſinell o'th priſon, after
When you ſhall ſtretch your ſelfe, and ſay but *Arcite*
I am in plight, there ſhall be at your choyce
Both Sword, and Armour.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dares any
So noble beare a guilty buſines! none
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
In this kinde is ſo bold.

Arc. Sweete *Palamon.*

Pal. I doe embrace you, and your offer, for
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your perſon
Without hipocriſy I may not wiſh
Winde hornes of Cornets.
More then my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You heare the Hornes;
Enter your Muſicke leaſt this match between's
Be croſt, er met, give me your hand, farewell.
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you
Take comfort and be ſtrong.

Pal. Pray hold your promiſe;
And doe the deede with a bent brow, moſt certaine
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre
This oile out of your language; by this ayre
I could for each word, give a Cuffe: my ſtomach
not reconcild by reaſon,

Arc. Plainely ſpoken,
Yet pardon me hard language, when I ſpur
Winde hornes.
My horſe, I chide him not; content, and anger
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call
The ſcatterd to the Banket; you muſt gueſſe
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir your attendance
Cannot pleaſe heaven, and I know your office
Vnjuſtly is atcheev'd.

Arc. If a good title,
I am perſwaded this queſtion ſicke betweene's,

By bleeding muſt be cur'd. I a
That to your Sword you will
And talke of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You are going now to gaze u
For note you, mine ſhe is.

Arc, Nay then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
You talke of feeding me to br
You are going now to looke
That ſtrengthens what it look
You have a vantage ore me, b
I may enforce my remedy. Fa

Scæna 2. *Enter Ia*

Daugh. He has miſtooke; t
After his fancy, Tis now wel
No matter, would it were per
And darkenes Lord o'th worl
In me hath greife ſlaine feare,
I care for nothing, and that's
I wreake not if the wolves w
He had this File; what if I ha
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'
If he not anſweard, I ſhould
And doe him but that ſervice
Strange howles this live-long
They have made prey of him:
He cannot run, the Iengling o
Might call fell things to liſte
A ſence to know a man unar
Smell where reſiſtance is. Ile
He's torne to peeces, they ho
And then they feed on him: S
Be bold to ring the Bell; ho
All's char'd when he is gone,
My Father's to be hang'd fo
My ſelfe to beg, if I prizd lif
As to deny my act, but that I

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